

The Siren's Song

Oh, Sleeper

We came from the pile.
We came from the dead and dying.
But the moment you pulled
You brought us back to the living.
Stand here to a world at war.
This blacken field leads to ruin,
Ruled by folds pulled tight, and a pit so slick.
Draw your lines, let nothing cross. No!
What booming hate moves close,
So vast that the clouds would follow?
What looms, with thunder?
And the water did fall.
The turn of earth to mud.
Once dried veins, now fill and swell.
Lift the torches, light the fields!
We stand as the giants make way.
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We are the few to she'd the fold,
We are the few!
Oh, sweet lit clarity grant us the eyes for this bane.
Towered beasts now meet our lines...
Oh but fast on the wind came a song, don't turn.
The lines crossed now charge.
The lines crossed but you turned away.
It was a beautiful song, sung through beast's jagged teeth.
It's not real. You'll see. It's not real. You'll see.
She's the touch that you want The soft wet skin that haunts.
Deep inside a warmth that lies on a bed,
She's calling to you...
... taste the wine of her lips, feel free to taste this kiss.
Drink deep and forget the struggle in the battle you live.
Don't turn we need you. Don't turn we need you.
The sirens are calling your name!
Come back. Make the call.
Father, send your rain.
Lay waste to the kings here.
Lay waste to their grip and we'll rise.
We will rise.